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BENGAL AND INDIRA

VIOLENCE in Bengal has become so common that it no longer seems to merit even striking headlines in the newspapers. Three, six, eight ordinary citizens wounded or killed every day, policemen, officials, dignitaries, stabbed, bombed, butchered in the public streets or in their own houses, has become daily routine. The news item, not too prominent, is just glanced at by the newspaper reader in other parts of the country, with at most a sigh and an 'Oh Calcutta or Tch Bengal', instead of the burning indignation of earlier days.

There could perhaps be no greater tribute than this to the over-all managing skill of Mrs. Indira Gandhi. She has reduced in the public mind the outrageously horrible to the utterly commonplace. Directly responsible for the government of Bengal, she has failed so completely in the most elementary duty of any government anywhere, the maintenance of law and order, that her regime may rightly be called 'The Intentional Mis-government of Bengal.' At tremendous cost to the people, not only of Bengal, but of the country as a whole since Bengal's industrial establishments and raw produce serve the whole country, she has kept the Communists happy. Their true representative, the egregious Dhavan, still continues her chosen and cherished Governor. To move him, to take the really stern measures demanded by the near-civil-war situation, would mean displeasing not only her Communist supporters here but also incurring the anger of the Soviet Communist leaders, and that to her is of course unthinkable. Even if all her other sins of commission and omission were forgiven Mrs. Indira Gandhi, her conscious mishandling of the Bengal situation alone is enough to damn her. That after it she should continue to be Prime Minister, is proof of the poor quality, lack of spirit and selfishness of so many of our legislators.

THE LESSON OF CHILE

IF you want to know how the softening-up process of the Communists works and what it results in, take a look at Chile, where the Communists have come to power through a popular front and a Communist president is now applying Communist doctrine to free institutions. For years, the Communists have been working away strengthening their hold in societies, clubs, professional associations, trade unions, newspapers, etc., pretending to be reasonable, just like any other Party in fact. As with our own CPI, people began to think of the Communists as not too extreme really, men one could get along with. And so the *via pacifica*, the peaceful way, paid off, and Salvador Allende is now President, with the clear intention of turning Chile into a 'People's' Democracy on the well-known Russian model. Thus does quiet penetration bring its reward, oh gullible Indians! Allende's coalition had only thirty-six per cent of the vote, but the other parties instead of joining up against it, continued with their

own differences and allowed him to creep in. And now the repenting has begun, but of what use can it be? Allow Communist power to be established once, the instruments of state sanction to pass into Communist control, and in modern conditions all hope of a return to freedom must be vain. Behind the local Communist or Communist-dominated Government stands also the Communist Soviet Union. Soviet money, Soviet arms, Soviet guidance through diplomats and intelligence agents, all are easily available to the local Government in need. And why not, since the Communist leaders of such countries kneel to do reverence to the Soviet Communist leaders on the necks of their own countrymen? It takes a very long spoon to sup with the Devil in safety, friends; those who accept his cordial invitations invariably end up as part of his feast. Beware, while there is still time. Soon, it may be too late.

DIEGO GARCIAS AND ARMS TO SOUTH AFRICA

IT is as foolish for the Indian Government to object to the Diego Garcias scheme for the establishment of a staging centre in the Indian Ocean by the British and Americans as it is for the British Government to persist in wanting to give arms to South Africa. Indian interests are not served by the objection just as British interests are not served by the supply.

The Soviet Union is building up substantial naval strength in the Indian Ocean, and there is no sense in keeping on saying "oh but the Indian ocean must be kept free from the intrusion of the great powers." Who has the strength to keep it free? Certainly none of the countries whose shores it touches, nor even a combination of all of them. Surely then it is better that the Soviet presence alone should not dominate the area, that countervailing forces to it should also be readily available. British and American forces in the Indian ocean may help to prevent Soviet interference in, and subjection of, some of the countries whose shores are washed by it. The great powers on both sides will constantly be watching one another, with the result that conditions may be much better for the less powerful countries than if the only real force in the Ocean was that of the Soviet Union.

Turning to the British government's proposal to help South Africa, it may be noted that even the American Government, interested as it cannot but be in the Soviet extension of power to the Indian Ocean, sees no merit in it. If persisted in, it will be a singular exhibition of obstinacy on the part of a Government from which its people no less than the rest of the democratic world, have a right to expect common-sense and reasonable behaviour. A large section of opinion in Britain may have come round to the view that the Commonwealth no longer serves any purpose and had better be dissolved, but surely there could be better ways of dissolving it, if that is the intention—parting as friends by common agreement for instance—than by establishing Britain in the world's mind as the backer of apartheid and blatant racial superiority.

AT HOME

WHAT is one to say of the Muslim Conference held in Delhi recently ? It is but another name for the Muslim League and *Opinion* has already dealth with that. What would be more interesting would be light on the connection it has, and the encouragement it has probably received from the Prime Minister, who previously declared the Kerala Muslim League a non-communal body. With an eye on the elections to come, the Prime Minister wishes to mobilise all Muslim votes on her side. An organisation that bids fair to deliver them or large sections of them would naturally be very welcome to her. That it may make some very unconscionable demands from the point of view of the country as a whole, would scarcely seem to her, in her deep desire and earnest search for complete power, of real importance. Strong declaration she has made during her Jammu tour in favour of the preservation of the country's "unity, solidarity and oneness". Does she not then see that the All-India Muslim League, Muslim Conference movements are the starting-points of the growth of a new and very powerful threat to this same one India ? To want votes, to wish to be victorious in elections is natural for a politician, but even an unscrupulous politician sometimes hesitates to try and get votes if that can only be done at the cost of grave risk to the country.

* * * *

"We hear that some people plan to enter the assembly with the help of the Constitution with a view to wrecking it" said Mrs. Gandhi and she expressed herself strongly against them. But what about her allies, the communists ? Does she think they have entered Parliament with a view to strengthening or even maintaining the Constitution ? Surely, she is not naive enough to believe that their entire purpose is not to wreck it completely. They themselves have time and again openly declared that it is. As their great model and saint, the venerated Lenin, said the communists support Parliamentary and democratic constitutions and institutions as the hangman's rope does the neck of the man to be hanged, the more easily to strangle it when the time comes. Being so entirely opposed to those who use the Constitution in order to be able to wreck it, the least she could do would be to declare the Communist Parties illegal, ban them entirely and prevent their leaders from taking part in public life. She should in any case not co-operate with them in any way. Possibly however her objection to intending wreckers of the Constitution while using it, is only to such of them as are opposed to her side, not to such as are on her side.

* * * *

The reason for putting the Mahajan Report on the table of Parliament right at the end of the Session, when it had lain discarded for so many years, was obviously to preserve the Maharashtra votes for the

Indira Congress. Government, instead of coming to a decision on the Report, as it should properly have done years ago, threw the whole thing at Parliament without expressing its views at all, a disgraceful abdication of responsibility. And the result? Anger and prolonged disorder in Mysore, dissatisfaction in Maharashtra. The most sensible thing of course would have been to come to a decision long ago, made such modifications as seemed desirable, and said to both the States, "There you are, nothing more than this shall we do. Riot if you must but there's got to be finality." That not having been done, and years having been allowed to elapse, refuge could have been taken in Mr. Noorani's suggestion in *Opinion* earlier this year regarding the appointment of an independent and final tribunal to decide on the validity or otherwise of what Maharashtra contends are the utterly perverse parts of the Mahajan recommendations. Maharashtra could have put forward its points, Mysore could have replied, and a final settlement reached within at most a couple of months. That was not done. What we have now is a purely political step; almost it would seem there is no real desire to settle the problem. "Ha, ha, ha, aren't we clever?" chant in chorus Indira, Chavan and Jagjivan. "We don't need to bother about it for the time being and meanwhile, who knows, the elections may come, and Maharashtra at least will be safely in our pockets. Ho, ho, how much better to travel hopefully from side to side and never arrive than to move forward straight to a point and finally reach a destination."

* * * *

Paying in cheques into his account the other day, the writer had one returned to him. Why, he asked. The bank on which it was drawn was on strike, and it would be better for the account-holder to keep the cheque until the strike ended. But what if he wanted to draw out money against it in a day or two? Oh well, there could be no question of that, since the bank was just not clearing cheques at all. The writer stood around helplessly, cheque in hand. Said a kindly fellow account-holder, clearly a man of experience and worldly wisdom, "You know in these days it is always good to keep at home a few thousand rupees to meet sudden emergencies like this. You really can't rely upon our banks any more. At a moment's notice, work may stop. Supposing the Manager in that cabin were to come out and ask those two there, before whom a crowd is standing, to stop talking and get on with the work, the whole lot might down pens and walk out. The banks, they tell you if you grumble at the delay, are nationalised, perhaps you have not heard, so in due course, in due course." The writer wondered if he should follow the advice, but where would he keep any large sum, he thought, accustomed as he is to having only a couple of hundred around at a time. He recollected too that only that morning Indiraji had descanted on the great benefit bank nationalisation had conferred on sections of society such as taxi and rickshaw drivers. Well in this wonderful country of ours there's never any lack of something to be cheerful about, he reflected with a smile.

THE YEAR-END SELECTION

TRILOGY FOR Y.

(For someone who ended up with suicide at fifty)

1

Surely, he thought, this was love
the clammy shiver of ecstasy
the lick of sweat
on the sprouting moustache
the stricken look where mist and light
obscured each other

At eighteen the desert evening
spoke of thyme
the desert nights
articulate with meteors
spoke of fire-dream and blood
the thrust of her nippled antennae
—nipples dark as bees
blind nipples surging towards what?
cruel nipples hardening at a touch—
made fate-lines on his palms
itch with lust
And then her voice,
the water-
whisper
of the
stalactite
"switch off the stars"

a red-rashdawn
the flame at his bowells
membrane burning
like a prophylactic in fire
as she told him,
fish eyes flating in mockery
of the mole on his uncle's groin

2

The tumour was a cell-growth
that kept its watch
by solstice and equinox

Desert evenings were a
smudge on the horizon
—Hotel lights were a part
of the horizon—
In an alien town
bouts of passion on a double-bed
during pseudonymous weekends
the body working out
its disillusions

3

So calm the crisis
So mute the trigger
locked in the fingers

The rape had no time
to turn memory yet

Monotony on the rounds
the flesh at fifty
wanting its fling
a conquest over a schoolgirl
taken for granted
the ego
primeval and male
the frame bent

Nothing sinister in the moment
No terror lumbered after him on claws
a subsurface calm
relaxed and casual
as he sat alone in the room
in mastery over the moment
This was his compromise
with himself
the barrel and the brains
sorting things out

K. N. Daruwalla

LOVE/UNLOVE

We've got to meet
someplace where
we can always be alone *we cannot*
always play hide and seek

to a waiting gallery
At best we can flirt here
But I am talking
about love : love that is sacred
and personal
which is free and private which is
not contraband which . . .

*

But it's only natural
that I should have observed
you closely
the slender turn
of your neck as you pass
the smooth inside
of your arm as you hand out
the tea-cups
the stinging instant when you bend
carelessly deliberate
the slow magic
of your blood's early climb up
an eternity of stairs

*

From the moment
I saw you I said
(to myself)
this is the girl
for me
(when I told you this
I knew you believed it
as I had thought you would : as
I had never meant it
to be taken—you
lowered your eyes)
I meant
yes and no
I said—this is the girl—
and gave you seven days to get used
beyond help to my scent
then allowed myself
to be led
Sang from behind an uneager length
your praises you said you never
dreamt
I would come abreast
so recklessly
A fire (intensity uncertain) rages

in me
in the middle of a meal I am
not hungry (True)
I have abandoned sleep
altogether (False)
conversation leaves me empty
of reply (True)
the whole family gets on my nerves (Very True)

your face
your eyes
the precocity of your lips
your body (Ah)
invades my calm

*

Misery-count :
one these unmet (and met) glances
are meaningless
two the play of
of vicarious hands (the feeling
bodies so far apart) is most
frustrating
three you're always teaching me
Patience

presumably because four your father
(down with fathers) is very strict
Don't be angry
you assure me : I'll move in when
the cat is not looking Then
all is yours PS : I love you

If only you knew the mechanics
of fire . . .

But you do
Now that we have met
in the uninvaded quiet
of limbs and trees you find it
impossible not to nourish the habit
quite religiously
Except that if you swear
too much by the chanted word ( )

You may never apprehend
the miracle
repeat miracle . . . of my going

You must learn to be
less selfless
dear or you will never learn
(Let me show how
you can give your heart and keep it)

*

What if
I had never come in answer
from the city? never pitched
for a term of quiet experience?
Any loose
stranger could have taken charge
entered (as you happened to be
there)
your young domain
Would you have turned
your back if he had refused
to kneel?
What if I resigned/were relieved from
my post
had to assume a new station
a colder duty?
would you follow
my lights even if (you're NOT) you were
free to do so?
would you nurse
(this side of the devoted gap)
your hypochondria?
or would you train
(as you climbed) the old taste
the sights?

*

After me another fair
will raise its flags liberate
its music
but remember
if you go crumbling
right under his soft quick slogans
he's the wrong man

though you may find he's
as precious as I am

Saleem Peeradina

ANIMAL

By what intricacy
of curing process
the forepaw heals
when totally torn;
isn't known to me
who dwell on, lacerate
a dark and empty wound,
incapacitous, barren womb
and terrible trunketings
that four-legged bitches
can afford.

CHRISTMAS 1970

In jungles of rooms and faces
a tree blossomed
—a shock—the mango.
(Last year I had come
upon it with the same
surprise, lost in pain,
I had stopped to say
why, the mango.)

Today I do not know
if you bloom for comfort
or callousness.
I face you after such a long
year and in so strange
a land
at ebbtide of decades
of certainties.

FORECAST

Jupitor, he said, enters
your sign. Now
the sky is the limit, baby.
One of those party games.
We laughed. Will I have a book
published by fabers
will I get a raise
recognition, money, clothes,
praise in reviews, degrees,

delicate, intricate, ardent lovers?
Yes, yes, yes, baby, I tell you,
the sky the sky.
And will I get those back,
those two I lost
before Jupitor had graced
my sign?

Gauri Deshpande

CAMOENS

Gulls wrinkle the air.
The boat heaves,
opens the river's eye

in a twinkle of streets.
Houses drop
into place. The engine stops.

From the funnel
smoke balloons towards Ilhas.
I step out, and a carreira

takes me into the heart of Goa.
Echo of immaculate bells
from hilltops

flagged with pale crosses.
Under the sun's oppressive glare
he stands alone

in a corner,
an unrepentent schoolboy,
book in hand

spanning an empire
from the Tagus to the China seas.
I stop to take

a picture. A storm
of churches
breaks about my eyes.

THE SHORE TEMPLE

On this extreme shore
the sun breaks
the air
into a ripple of hawks.
The many-clawed sea
has picked
the face of the temple
clean.
Knuckly stones
protrude
from under the skin
of Time.
Humped tourists
Kodaks round their necks
prod
the stone-carrion
that once pranced on these sands before
the sea-horses
from Kambhoja.

R. Parthasarathy

[The Shore Temple is a rock-cut Pallava temple in Mamallapuram, at the mouth of the Palar river, 51 kilometres south of Madras. It was built by Narasimhavarman I (630-668 A.D.). During his reign, Mamallapuram was one of the chief entrepôts of South India.]

RECALL MY GRAVEYARD LUST

Your greenish eyes,
A sea-shell longing,
Love mated and died.
Adam, you know,

Sinned
Because of Eve,
Eve because of Satan, Satan
Because of his revolt

Against the sovereign Lord,
And God, you might suspect,
Because of the rule of law
That He Himself established

And thereby hangs a tale,
Made over the years,
Recall my graveyard lust,
Those wild, instinctive days.

POUR FORTH YOUR SO-CALLED LOVE

Pounding your flesh
on religious rivalry
and lawless carnage,
those guns you spied

Shone no goodwill,
and you say there was no violence,
only an isolated stabbing case?
the hot blood coddled

By news and views
staggers one
into the hollow of the hand
that lifts the sword,

And mindless as the wind
trips up
breast-sucking babes.
pour forth your so-called love.
tuck in your shirt, you fool.

MY REWARD

An unruly mob of persons and things
set me upon a table
to gobble pumpkin pies, for I
was the one

Who, mocking their might,
setting a feather to my cap,
singing a lullaby
amidst the trees,

Confidently proposed
that those groaning like wind over state matters
should summarily be hanged.

Satya Dev Jaggi

SUNSET ON HELLAS

Parthenon's proud key-stone
Is about to thud to earth:
Presently the famous phalanx will stand exposed
And each eloquent marble be filigreed
In pure black weather.
Hour by hour the cypress shades
Will lengthen.

Athene, your beauty, your queen
Has hugged an ink injecting adder
To a noble dug, and with that
She plummets straight out
Of the Republic of Light
And back into the kingdom
Of the night.

From now on, age on weary age
There will only be the bug bears
And the faintest of stars;

So take your last looks, while yet you may
At the sun drenched glory
On the rock, still hale. Before long
The light will go out.

A DREAM OF GRECIAN FACES

That night, well before dawn,
I had dreamt of Grecian faces:

On sudden I stood face to face
With light so clean
That the dark fled
And my will rose skywards like a swan.

I vowed.
"You must crusade for such stone
That, ruined, yet like the hard-edged diamond
Lights your own."

Unafraid my voice was then
And claimed for humans more
Than madness. Unhesitant,
I had proclaimed the light of reason.

That diamond light had cut
To the roots of my world wearying sickness,
Healed me at once
Of my bone reaching negations.

Soon, my taste-buds conceded
The earth had salt.

K. Malik

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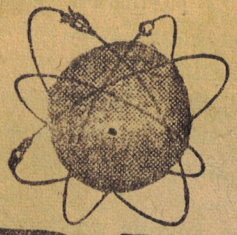

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THE MIND OF MR. Z. A. BHUTTO

A. G. NOORANI

MR. ZULFIQAR ALI BHUTTO's Party, the Pakistan People's Party, has swept the polls in West Pakistan. It has won 81 seats in the 300 member National Assembly which is second only to the 151 seats won by the Awami League. Besides, the P. P. P. has won 113 of the 180 seats and 32 of the 60 seats in the Punjab and Sind Assemblies, respectively. More than any other political party in Pakistan, the P. P. P. is but the platform of *a* political leader. His outlook should, therefore, be of interest to us in India. Of course, we know something of it and of the man himself. As Foreign Minister from 1963 to 1966 he revealed himself as by far the worst of the India haters in Pakistan.

But little is known of his political outlook apart from this. Thanks to Pakistan's senseless ban on the flow of literature, nothing from India can reach there and nothing from there reaches us. However, the Government of India distributes Pakistani newspapers to a few institutions, and itself leaks to the news agencies what *it* thinks the people of India should know of Pakistan. It is an unhealthy state of things.

But India is an open society and Mr. Bhutto should be pleased that his book, *The Myth of Independence,* has been published in India. (Oxford University Press ; Rs. 28.50.) It should be compulsory reading for any serious student of Indo-Pak affairs ; not just to find out how deeply Mr. Bhutto dislikes us, but earnestly to understand his political outlook as a whole.

Many in India will be surprised to discover that he is not only an ardent nationalist but a committed neutralist who even admires Mr. Nehru's policy of non-alignment. In his opinion, both the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. are neo-colonialists. "Since traditionally, the United States had not been an imperialist Power in the sense of physically occupying foreign territories—except for the Philippines and some dependencies in the Caribbean—and since the Soviet Union, by reason of its doctrine of Marxism, also could not justify physical possession of foreign territory, a new type of struggle emerged. This was the beginning of new-colonialism. It no longer became necessary to control the destinies of smaller countries by any jurisdiction over their territories."

The policy of "divide and rule" has been replaced by that of "unite and rule". The victims are encouraged to form regional groupings in order to facilitate exploitation. "There are many advantages, most of them accruing to the former colonial Powers. The security interests of the 'free world' are better served, but economic exploitation remains the principal concern. This is the inevitable adjustment in the transition from colonialism to new-colonialism, which is why our independence remains a myth." Hence the title of the book.

There is a mad scramble for power by the Global Powers all over the world. Nonetheless, smaller countries can and should maintain their independence. They must not yield to the Global Powers, for to do so would be a "negation of the struggle of man, expressed through the nation state, to be free". It is possible for the smaller countries with adroit handling of their affairs to maintain their independence. The Bhutto recipe reads as follows :

"It would be inexpedient, and perhaps dangerous, for smaller nations to identify themselves completely with the total interests of one Global Power to the exclusion of the others. Common interest and the pattern of events may make it necessary for a small nation to be more closely associated with one Global Power than with another, but, even so, it is not impossible for it to maintain normal relations with the others on the basis of honourable bilateral relations. When the national interests of a state clash with the interests of a Global Power, it would be preferable to isolate the area of conflict in the direct dealings with that Great Power. A workable equilibrium should be sought independent of the point on which vital interests differ, provided, of course, that the segregation of conflicting interests is not only possible but is scrupulously reciprocal. Every reasonable effort should be made to put into action preventive diplomacy to avoid Global Power interventions which subject the weaker nations to suffer from punitive diplomacy. If this, however, is not found to be feasible, it is better to make the position clear by taking a stand against encroachment. It is preferable to have one sharp crisis and a firm position than to permit procrastination to create conditions of permanent crises. In such a situation, every subsequent crisis will do greater harm to the smaller Power until eventually the Global Power overwhelms it. So, if insulation is not possible, it is better to take a positive position and evolve a new pattern of understanding. Pressure is both a worm and a monster. It is a worm if you stamp on it, but becomes a monster if you recoil."

Two ideas lie at the rest of this policy. One is bilateralism in relationship and the other is the theory of isolation. Prevent points of difference affecting the relationship by an agreement to differ.

"It would provide us with an opportunity for normal relations with all states, yet be reconcilable with the active pursuit of our objectives. It would give us freedom to pursue our legitimate objectives without fear of inimical foreign intervention, and would not prevent us from endeavouring by indirect influences and persuasion to bring about favourable changes in the attitude of those Powers which are either hostile or neutral. There is a fundamental difference between 'pre-conditions for normal relations' and 'persuasion' without preconditions. By not seeking intervention for the resolution of our disputes, we would not be prevented from trying to persuade other countries to take a right position. It goes without saying that, if a state were to change its position voluntarily on account of the application of indirect pressure, or for other reasons, there would be a corresponding change in our bilateral relations with that state."

Mr. Bhutto holds that "Afro-Asian solidarity must be pursued res lutely". As for the Commonwealth, the best that can be done now is t dissolve it. Mr. Bhutto's views on Vietnam do not differ from those say Mr. Krishna Menon whom he admires.

He makes no attempt whatever to conceal his distrust of the U.S The only dependable ally that emerges is China. Mr. Bhutto holds tha the U.S.'s major interests lie in Europe, not in Asia, and this sets definit limits to the prospects of a U.S.-U.S.S.R. settlement while it opens thos of a Sino-American detente.

To Mr. Bhutto, America is an expansionist power and currently i is busy interfering in Indian affairs. "In 1958 the United States was no in a position to coerce India, but that situation has changed. Advantag has been taken of the general disarray in India, of the appalling famin conditions, to make the first inroads. As in the case of Pakistan, pressur was initially applied in the ecnomic and financial spheres. This was don to test India's responses; to see if, like Pakistan, she would graduall succumb to one pressure after another, leading to the final show o strength. As in the case of Pakistan, it all started in the spirit of th good Samaritan."

The fervent nationalist cries "India and Pakistan have already give the equivalent of the Diwani of Bengal, bestowed by the Mughal Emperor on Clive, in order to obtain foreign economic and military assistance. I

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seems that neither country has learnt the lesson from that part of our inglorious past that brought about the subjugation of our people for almost two hundred years." Indeed, he admires the India of the fifties for the "refusal to be inveigled by the United States in the cold war" and Mr. Nehru who "stoutly resisted every attempt to put India in this subservient position".

But if this be Mr. Bhutto's general approach, the focal point of his nationalistic resentment is, of course, India. "There are no permanent enemies" he declares. He, however, makes it plain that so long as the Kashmir dispute remains unsettled, peace with India is not possible. In fact his resentment with the U.S. in largely because of the change in American policy brought about by the Kennedy Administration. He looks askance at American efforts in mediation. They were designed to promote American interests. As we know, Mr. Bhutto has no high opinion of Soviet mediation at Tashkent, either. Both super-powers have their own axes to grind. "The Soviet Union seeks peace between India and Pakistan to contain the influence of the United States and China. The United States seeks peace between the two countries to prevent the spread of Soviet influence in the sub-continent and to make India and Pakistan jointly face China". But there is a difference. Mr. Bhutto does look more kindly on Russia. "Pakistan is capable of exercising considerable manœuvrability to negotiate a more favourable future relationship with the Soviet Union. But if time and opportunity are allowed to slip, the belated initiatives will lose meaning, which would be a great tragedy for Pakistan's diplomacy."

To what end all this ? Of course, to neutralise India. Mr. Bhutto's India outlook is simply put. "Relations between India and Pakistan should resemble those between Sweden and Norway, countries which had to break apart in order to come closer to each other. India and Pakistan have so much in common that the rest of the world sometimes finds it hard to understand why they are in a state of perpetual confrontation. The dictates of reason, the compulsions of geography, and the influence of international forces require them to live in peace, but their poverty-stricken masses have been denied the benefits that ought to have accrued to them from political independence. There are many reasons for this state of affairs : the legacy of history, superstition, and prejudice. The Hindus of the sub-continent have borne a thousand years of subjugation and the Muslims have been victims of foreign domination for over 150 years. The mental outlook of all peoples of the sub-continent has been distorted by alien domination. They have still to find their bearings as independent nations. They still need to acquire confidence to break with the past." Mr. Bhutto views the past as a long story of injustice. Kashmir is only the latest instance.

It is the main barrier to peace, but not the only one. "There have been others of considerable gravity, such as the dispute over the canal waters, that over the future of the Ganges waters, and that occasioned by the persecution of Muslims in India, resulting in their emigration to

Pakistan in large numbers. Other problems again, for historical and othe reasons, have not been properly taken up, but remain nevertheless o fundamental national interest. One at least is nearly as important as th Kashmir dispute : that of Assam and some districts of India adjacent t East Pakistan. To these East Pakistan has very good claims, whic should not have been allowed to remain quiescent. India has neve ceased to take an unpleasant interest in East Pakistan and continues t support certain irredentist movements in West Pakistan."

For all his apparently cold calculation Mr. Bhutto misses the vita point which experience, particularly that of 1965, should have taught him that Pakistan cannot succeed in dictating to India. "We must recognis clearly that no Global Power can, through its diplomatic support, effect th handover of Jammu and Kashmir to Pakistan." Very sensible. What, then is the alternative *modus operandi* ?

"Our own effort is of primary importance in the attainment of ou higher objectives, yet we are not likely to succeed by these alone. W require international support, some of which we already receive from th majority of the smaller states committed to decolonization and self-determination. We have the support of one Great Power in Asia and ar in a position to obtain the same from at least one quasi-Greater Power i Europe. If, backed by such powerful collective support, we proceed t act correctly and with discretion, we should and shall succeed in th realization of our just claims. We would free ourselves from entangle-ments and thereby avoid being exposed to moral, material, and diplomatic presures. *Having reached a position of relative safety we should wait fo the favourable moment, which the complex international situation is mor than likely to furnish.* Until then, by hindering the pressure of inter-ference, we would escape the imposition of an unfavourable settlement on Jammu and Kashmir and bring consistency in our bilateral relations with all states." (Italics mine.)

Little does he realise that this will be a long and futile wait. A the very least he ought to reckon that India's diplomacy will not be idle meanwhile. But this brings us to the romanticist in him. "In interna-tional politics, as in science, the so-called commonsense argument is not always valid." This explains why he prodded President Ayub to go t war in 1965.

It speaks for his utter lack of realism that he should believe that India wants Kashmir because it "is the handsome head of the body of Pakistan. Its possession enables her to cripple the economy of West Pakistan and, militarily, to dominate the country". Having persuaded himself of this, Mr. Bhutto begins to weave a tangled web in which to catch India and dictate terms. Whether he outgrows his *Mein Kampf* and discards it, or stops growing and tries to follow it, remains to be seen.

BABI YAR

IAN TICKLE

HAS the name of Anatoli Kuznetsov disappeared from the minds of those who read the papers? For it was over a year ago that this important Russian writer applied to the authorities in London for permission to remain in Great Britain. The stifling cultural climate in Russia and the impossibility of writing the truth had after many years convinced him that it was impossible to remain in his own country and express his thought in satisfactory form. Unlike for Solzhenitsyn, for Kuznetsov freedom to write and publish exactly what he felt to be the truth was more important even than remaining in his homeland.

Kuznetsov felt so bitter about his past that he decided to change his name. The works which had previously appeared under his name, he said, were not his works; they were mere censored and changed versions. Now he would write as a free man, and he would prefer to be known as A Anatoli.

Over a year later, he has published a revised version of his greatest work, Babi Yar. This is the name of a ravine outside Kiev, the capital of the Ukraine, in which thousands of Jews were murdered by Nazi war criminals during the Second World War. The events of Babi Yar have already been celebrated in Russian literature by other writers, including the poet, Evtushenko.

But Kuznetsov had a greater aim. For him Babi Yar was the symbol of man's inhumanity to man: not only the inhumanity of the Nazis to the Jews, but all crimes of this kind committed anywhere in the world, and not least those committed in his own country by his own countrymen.

It was this that the Russian censor would not allow. Such an aim was itself a crime for the Soviet propagandist. Those who wrote about the Second World War had no business with philosophy or nuance. The offending passages were cut out of Kuznetsov's work, and with them, as far as he was himself concerned, the whole point of the thing. For he wanted to show that the deadly instincts are present in us all, that given certain circumstances the same things can happen anywhere. And this the Communist could not allow.

Kuznetsov himself puts it in these words:

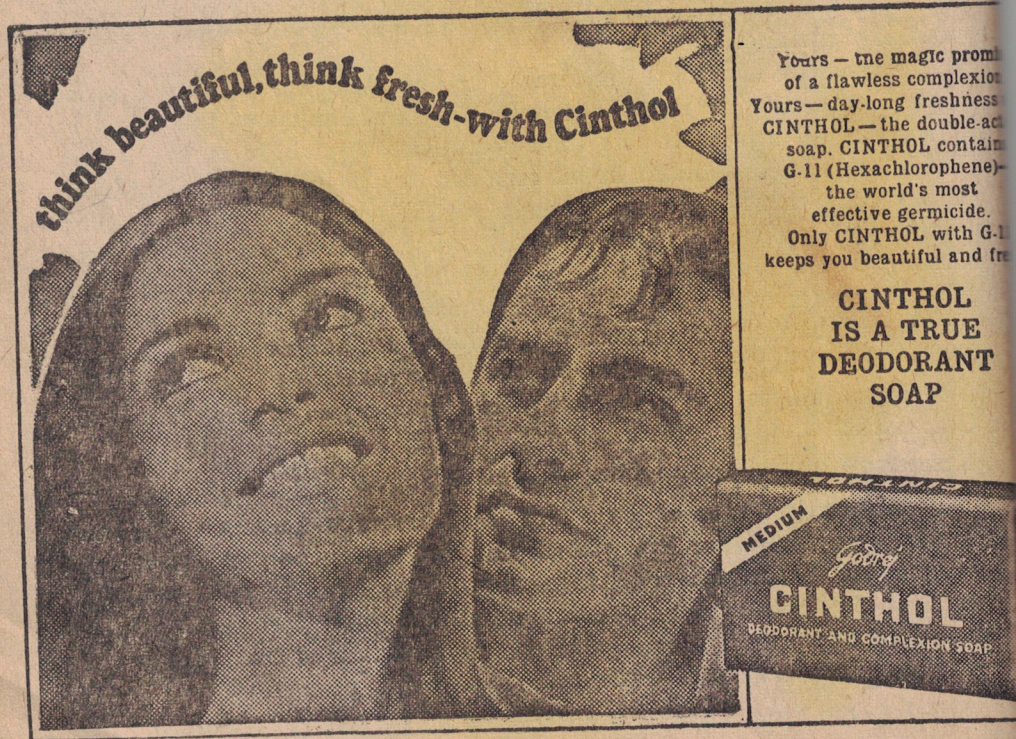
> "The central idea of 'Babi Yar' was indeed to protest against inhumanity by whoever it is practised. But the censor turned a book directed against all kinds of inhumanity and all use of force, whether Nazi or Stalinist, in the present or in the past, into just another standard exposure of Nazi brutality. In the hands of the censor, 'Babi Yar' becomes only half-truth, and in places a plain lie."

This is taken from an article written by Kuznetsov in a British newspaper, in reply to accusations that he has exaggerated the extent to which

his work was suppressed in Russia. In the new uncensored edition of h book, the sentences which were cut by the censor are written in spec black print, and the reader can see for himself the turn of the censo thoughts. But to the thousands who will never read it Kuznetsov's ov examples of the sort of thing that was cut are highly revealing. The auth as we have tried to show, was not specially speaking out against inhum acts by Russians any more than specifically against such acts by Germa but against all such acts, everywhere on earth, in the past, now and the future.

But, perhaps unwittingly, he shows how little difference there is essence between a Fascist and a Communist regime; how they both le to the same acts of cruelty, and how humanity can only flourish in fre dom—and he unconsciously shows once more why he, Kuznetsov, cou not carry on in the sombre heavy air of his own country. The followi are the author's own words:

> "I describe how dangerous books were burned under the Nazis, b the censor cut out my description of how they were burnt by t Soviet regime. I describe how Soviet soldiers surrendered in lar numbers without firing a shot and the way the population welcome the Germans with open arms—that was all cut by the censor. He c out everything about the terror and poverty brought about by Stali and about the man-made famine of 1933 when millions of peasan



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died in the fertile Ukraine and cannibalism broke out among the demented people.

Unlike earlier censorships, the Soviet censorship has learnt to treat a work as a whole and understands the way an effect can be created by a combination of images, each one of which taken separately appears quite harmless. If you study "Babi Yar" with this in mind you can see how I tried to evade the censor by bringing together such groups of images. But he was too clever for me and removed them all.

For example, he struck out some of the more revolting acts of the Nazis, although it might have seemed that they would only have increased the reader's antipathy for them. The reason was that they resembled too closely similar acts committed by the Bolsheviks. Again, all reference to Soviet anti-Semitism was removed, to demonstrate that anti-Semitism is a purely Nazi phenomenon".

I think these words are worth noting today. Here is an insider's view on how Communist propaganda works; and it is very true that it is a more effective method than all previous methods of propaganda.

The arrival of Kuznetsov in the West just over a year ago was a nine days wonder; many have forgotten the bitter words he had for the regime of slavery from which he had flown. With the new edition of Babi Yar he reminds us of his existence, and at the same time provides us with an important lesson in contemporary history.

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SOME CAUSES OF BAD GOVERNMENT

P. V. R. RAO

IT is a curious situation that political parties with leaders of undoubte repute and character should place dubious candidates before th electorate on the ground that better qualified candidates have no chanc of success, while many an elector should grumble that the alternative open to him are equally bleak. That the voter has decided but soun views of his own is apparent from the way the large number of candidate who had frivolously changed their political allegiance following the genera elections in 1967 and sought to be re-elected to the various State legislature in the elections which were held early in 1969, fared. At the same tim quite a few candidates, whose conduct had been publicly exposed as no in consonance with expected norms, manage to succeed in inducing th voters to re-elect them. This emphasises the need both for an improve ment of the general standard of ethics of our society as also for bette education of the electorate.

There is thus a heavy responsibility on the country's leaders. Th redeeming factor is that, however much people may have wittingly or un wittingly contributed to the present state of affairs and however ensnare they may be feeling by the whole apparatus of Government, there is a general recognition that the present situation does not bring credit to th country, that it should not be permitted to continue and every effor should be made to improve it. But the measures for improvement have developed a standard pattern of their own—more enquiries, more legisla tion and more functionaries. That the remedies that are being adopted are in fact adding to the complexity of administration, increasing ineffi ciency and facilitating corruption are overlooked. It is not sufficient to fabricate a new mechanism. It should be the right mechanism ; and there should be the will to work it and utilise it effectively.

A few years ago, a State Cabinet was engaged in discussing one of the draft Five-Year Plans to finalise it before forwarding it to the Plan ning Commission. Every minister expressed himself as unhappy over the provisions of the Plan in so far as his department was concerned ; and demanded inclusion of additional projects, which were acceded to by his colleagues without comment. As the discussion proceeded and the total of the intended outlay began to rocket skywards, the officers present gently hinted that resources would have to be raised to meet the bill. The discussion then proceeded rapidly in the reverse direction. The ministers concluded it was not possible to raise the additional resources. For the next hour or so, the ministers went at the Plan with a heavy pruning knife cutting down the various provisions made. The exercise

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From *Red Tape and White Cap*, by P. V. R. Rao, Orient Longmans, pp. 335. Rs. 25.

went so far that they had to be reminded again that the programme of development was becoming less than even the current Plan, that it would involve the closure of many projects in progress and whether that was the intention. The strain of discussion had become too much by this time. One minister mentioned a trivial matter quite irrelevant to the subject under discussion to which the other ministers readily turned for relief and that subject engaged the attention of the ministers for the next hour or so. The Cabinet had to be reminded about the plan under discussion, when the officer was told that he may finalise the Plan in his best judgement! It need hardly be added that the results of such an exercise would not have been found acceptable either! Lest it be thought that this illustration is merely an aberration of a particular State Cabinet, the performance of the Central Cabinet when faced with the ticklish question of periodical foreign exchange budgets is no better. The very shortage of available resources in relation to the total demand requires a carefully planned programme of spending the resources to the best advantage of the country. But any such decision, with its implicit discipline, has evidently been beyond the capacity of the Central Cabinet. Consequently, there are the periodically inordinate delays in announcing import policy; and actual utilisation of foreign exchange resources follow unco-ordinated action dependent on the relative power equation of individual ministries and the Finance Ministry.

These instances could be multiplied. The point is that organisational changes may speed up procedure. They can be of help in bringing cases to decision; but they cannot by themselves compel a deciding authority to take a decision. Procrastination of decisions for political reasons can only be avoided by leaders who are prepared to lead.

In 1956, in connection with the extensive reorganisations then in the offing, a number of ministers from various States had gathered together. The discussion somehow strayed into the educational and professional accomplishments of the leaders in power who had foregathered at the meeting. Minister after minister took pride in relating his poor achievements in school and college and of his equally poor performance in his subsequent attempts to establish himself in a profession. Success apparently came their way only after they decided to switch their attention to politics. Two of the ministers present were almost apologetic for the successes they had achieved both in their educational and professional careers. This show was obviously aimed at a number of civil servants who were present and who had distinguished academic and professional achievements to their credit. It may not be correct to place undue emphasis on the academic achievements of an individual. A capacity to guide and lead the people and to interpret their wishes is very important, but there was evidently little appreciation on the part of these people of the complexity of modern administration or of the skills required to run it efficiently. Since Independence, there has been a considerable deterioration in the calibre—intellectual and moral—of political leaders. Immediately after Independence, the Congress party, though pre-eminently supreme

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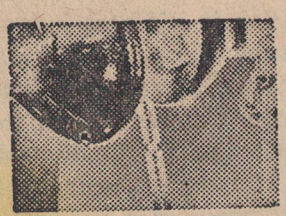

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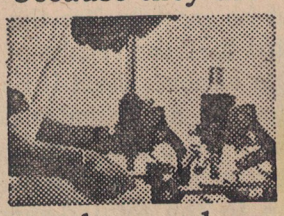

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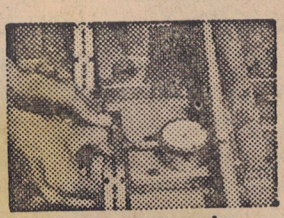

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in the country, had little hesitation in harnessing the services of the best intellects in the country in the service of the nation. The leaders of the Party, themselves very distinguished, sought and secured the co-operation of other knowledgeable persons, irrespective of their political affiliation, as the membership of the Constituent Assembly and earlier Parliament and ministries testify. In 1969, a minister of the Central Government, charged with the unduly long time Government was taking in deciding issues of vital importance to the welfare of the nation, contended that the problems facing the Government today were far more difficult. Whether that is so or not, surely Government faced with tasks which it finds very complex and difficult has a duty to harness the best available talent for handling such tasks. Second chambers, available at the Centre and in many States, do provide a ready means of securing the services of people of talent who may not be willing, or able, to rough it out at the hustings. But, with the passage of time, the interests of the Party gained precedence over country and these facilities have rarely been utilised to secure requisite talents. Besides such confessed limitations of capacity, instances are not wanting where ministers are anxious to take shelter behind officials who are really their subordinates or plead other alibi when actions for which they are directly responsible come under heavy fire. A political leadership, which is well equipped and capable and willing to face up to the responsibilities of leadership, is essential to carry out any effective measures of reform.

The public too is deeply involved in any measures of reform. One aspect is the duty to elect proper candidates and to show their clear disapproval of unethical conduct. Another aspect arises from the close identification of the public with government services as a whole. Today, with the proliferation of Government activities and departments, practically one in ten families, if not a greater proportion, contains, or is interested in, a public servant. A determination to enforce efficiency and proper standards will thus impinge directly on a large section of the public. The measures adopted may be welcomed in the abstract but not when they affect them personally. A plea for improvement which does not survive such an impact is of little value.

(*Continued from Page* 35)

Kundalini : You must be joking !

Arahat : A fully Enlightened One. A Son of God, except to doctrinaire Roman Catholics.

Bodhisattva : A fully Enlightened One who remains in this world to teach and succour all living creatures, out of compassion. In practice indistinguishable from an Arahat.

Buddha : Totally indistinguishable from a Bodhisattva, except to a doctrinaire Buddhist.

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A SERMON FOR CHRISTMAS DAY

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WHAT THE BUDDHA DID FOR ANGULIMALA, HE CAN DO FOR YOU!

The BHIKSHU K. and *The Lady Abbess SNEHLATA DAMYANTI*

YES, yes it's indisputably getting colder and soon we will come round to that otherwise beautiful time of the year when the great myth of the gentle saint will be raised. Of how He played simple-mindedly with children, and gently but drolly turned his head from side to side to exhibit now one cheek and now the other. Some of us will be aware a little uncomfortably of His boot on the backside of the money changers and of his great friendship with certain innkeepers and popsies. 'As above so below' said His Guru's Guru. Nevertheless we will gaze raptly and joyously at the glowing halo around His head but will gloss quickly over what we fondly imagine to be solid polished expensive marble, waist downwards. Ask no questions and if you do, avert your eyes! So it will in no wise profit us if we are told the truth, that yes indeed He was the Son of God but also that he was an Essene and bathed with less than great regularity and therefore scratched frequently in a manner that would now be considered offensive. If in addition we were informed that he had *real* genitalia, that worked (or worse still that He actually *used* them) we would be filled with such shame, abhorrence and disgust, that we would soon cease to revere the Sons of God, leave alone wish to imitate or be like them. No, no, it will have to be put quite differently. Truth disguised as a fairy story which happens to be true.

When the Arahat Angulimala was old and greying in a wickedly distinguished manner (indeed he still retained the hawk nose and piercing eye that were his as the greatest bandit of his time. Some even said that he looked like a well fed version of the Bodhisattva Tilopa, the Bengali founder of the Tibetan Kargyupta line of teachers, whose emaciated and luminous presence would frighten the wits out of most spectators,) he would tend to wander a bit as he reminisced. He had grown gentle with the years, even though he still chewed raw meat, and pulled methodically at his underarm hair as he rocked back and forth, nursing old scars and recalling his Enlightenment experience. Truth be told, Angulimala had been a great stud in his time and he still showed it.

'Tell us about it, tell us about your Satori' his disciples would ask eagerly.

'Well' Angulimala would say 'when dat sly cat Booda said what he said, dat ole Kundalini just shot up and smashed into mah skull. And ah saw what ah had to see'.

'Tell us what it was *like*' they would chorus.

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'Now, now,' Angulimala would reply 'It was like ants climbing de spine of de world. It was like monkeys leapin' gently from branch to branch'.

'Tell us how it *began*' they would say 'Tell us the *whole* story'.

'Again ?' Angulimala would say 'So okay, back to de beginning'. And so after his usual preliminary doctrinaire sentence about 'In the Beginning was the woid' he would lapse into the third person and get on with the story in a strangely altered voice and accent.

'During the days when the Buddha preached, the great robber Angulimala terrorised all India with his atrocities. He would rob his victims and then kill them. But only after he had first let them watch him rape their wives. So hideous was his reputation that he was reviled as an Incarnation of the Evil One even as the Buddha was glorified as a Son of the Real. And it was often a matter of household debate as to whether Angulimala was more evil than the Buddha was good. Or vice versa. As often happens in such cases, the Buddha had heard of Angulimala, and Angulimala was obsessed by the Buddha. So when the robber heard that the Buddha was to pass through his stretch of forest, he rejoiced and quivered with excitement.

"Dey say he is a king among men. Dey say he is de greatest man alive. So let's see how he stands up to me."

It was a cold winter's day. The kind of hushed clear morning when the sound of a dog's bark carries for miles. As Angulimala waited, crouched behind a tree, he heard a quick steady stride approaching. Obviously a single man. No retinue as befitted a king. Just a tall figure in yellow, his bronzed face framed by long silver hair that shone in the sun. (Truth be told, the Buddha was *not* shaven, nor stocky nor pot-bellied as often depicted. He was long haired, six foot two, and lean as a green stick. In fact he looked rather like Jesus of Nazareth, except that Jesus wore a beard.)

'Hah !' thought Angulimala 'He's an *ole* man' and as the Buddha passed he let out his most fearsome hiss. 'Hisssst' said Angulimala.

The tall figure barely turned his head. But he stopped. 'Yes ?' said the Buddha.

'Yais' sneered Angulimala 'yais' and he aimed his sword in a high devastating arc at the Buddha's head.

But the Buddha wasn't there. He stood smiling steadily, two feet away. And again Angulimala struck and again the Buddha wasn't there, and again and again and again till finally the bandit stood sweat streaming, chest heaving, utterly baffled, staring at the tall bareheaded figure smiling in the sun.

'Sonnova bitch' said Angulimala. 'Oh yes' said the Buddha, his glittering eye contrasting wickedly with his utterly possessed and loving smile. 'Oh yes yes, you're a stud all right. You're the greatest stud in the world I think. So let's see what happens when a stud has to stand up to a Man'.

'Stand ?' screamed the bandit. '*Me* stand ? You fairy, you queen,

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you ballet girl. *You* stand, you *mother* !'

Said the Buddha firmly, but with great love 'I *am* standing. Learn thou to stand also'.

It is reported that at this juncture Angulimala dropped his sword and the story ends with the Buddha looking at the bandit who is in disarray. But something more happened I think, and as he dropped his sword Angulimala also dropped all the rest, the whole kit and kaboodle that made him Angulimala (just as *you* can even now, drop everything that makes you *you*, you flea ridden bag of horse manure !). And the story ends with the Buddha looking at an unshaken Buddha.

And the joy of that moment when such a Person meets another such can in no way be communicated except by saying "And they loved each other."

And if you have even the *slightest* inkling of what that sentence really means, if your mind isn't deadened already with convention, security, holiness and other such diseases, then go you to your wife and seek out your salvation with diligence.

And when the night of your great joy comes, give thanks to the Bodhisattva Tilopa, except by whose grace nothing could happen.

For then will ants climb the rooted spine of your worlds and monkeys leap gently from branch to branch.

And then through the darkness as you ignite your fire in the frozen stillness of the solsticial night, will come great flakes of snow, bearing a branch of peace, and covering your ground with the white blessing.

And then will a child be born. O *such* a child, O Void made Flesh, O diamond wombed and burning in the dark. Emmanuel ! Emmanuel !

And the next day, for the first time in your life, it will be Christmas.

Glossary of Terms

Bhikshu : A Buddhist monk. One committed to the Buddhist Way or simply to The Way.

Lady Abbess : Keeper, Protector and Mistress of a Bhikshu.

Stud : One who frequently pleasures several women to great effect.

Angulimala : Means literally 'rosary of fingers' ; a name given to the bandit due to his habit of cutting off his victims' fingers and wearing them as a rosary. This reprehensible practice has been regarded over the centuries by Roman Catholics and Buddhists alike as a flagrant violation of ethical conduct, but largely for the wrong reason—to wit apprehension about the safety and cleanliness of their own fingers.

Satori : According to Suzuki, a preliminary form of Enlightenment.

Enlightenment : According to the most eminent Buddhist scholars, a sustained and final form of Satori.

Fairy : Faggot.

Queen : Faggot.

Faggot : Homosexual.

(*Continued on Page* 29)

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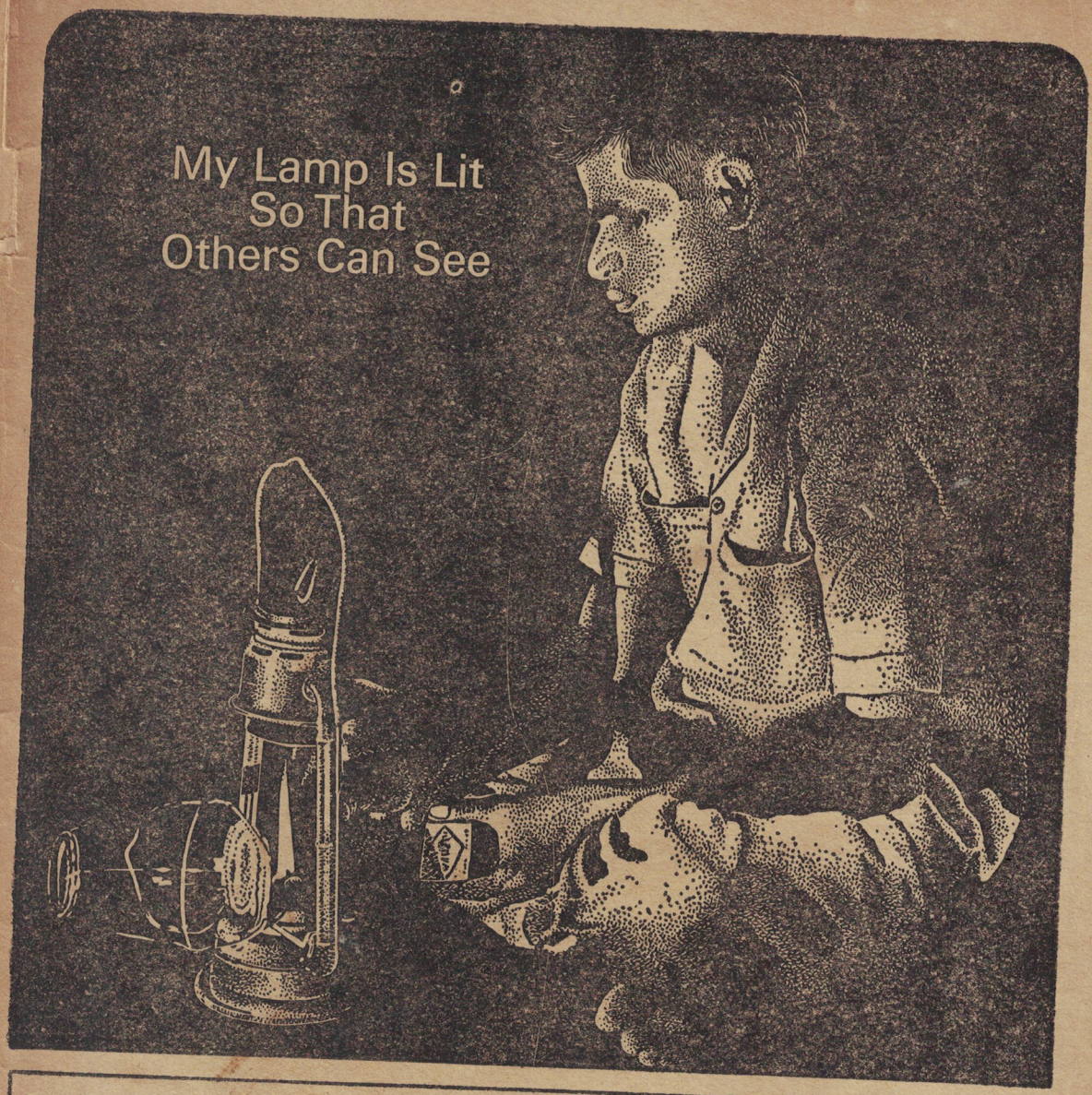
My Lamp Is Lit So That Others Can See



At eventide on a lonely road, returning after a hard day's work, a blind man met a stranger who laughingly asked: "Does a blind man need light?" "Yes," replied the blind man, "my lamp is lit so that others can see."

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THIS FATEFUL HOUR

As we go to press comes news of the Dissolution of Parliament and the holding of elections to form a new Parliament before the end of March 1971.

Never was held a more important and significant election than this in any part of the world. What is at stake can be stated simply: Shall Indians continue to be free, India independent country? Let the Indira Congress come to power with a majority, either by itself or in combination with Communist and Communal Allies, and the answer to the question can only be: "No." Neither will the people of India remain free nor India the country remain independent.

This is not a matter of socialism or capitalism; all, socialists, capitalists, landlords, small farmers, small tradesmen, employers, employees, city and rural labourers, all of us citizens of India, are in the same boat. For all of us Indira's victory spells the imminence of serfdom. Consider carefully, Lords of the Vote. Let neither class arguments nor material benefits promised or immediate, divert your judgments from the basic essential of freedom for yourselves and freedom for your country. Remember, lest too late you repine, A vote for Indira is a vote for slavery; a vote for Indira is a vote for the conversion of India into Peoples' Democracy. If you would not be what the Poles, the Hungarians, the Czechoslovaks are today, subjects of totalitarian dictatorships, their countries subject-nations under the Kremlin's heel, defeat Indira, her Group and her Communist allies.

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(11) On the address-slip indicates the subscription was due in November. If not paid before 19 January, the issue of that date will be sent by V.P.P. unless the subscriber indicates otherwise.

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